

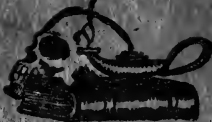
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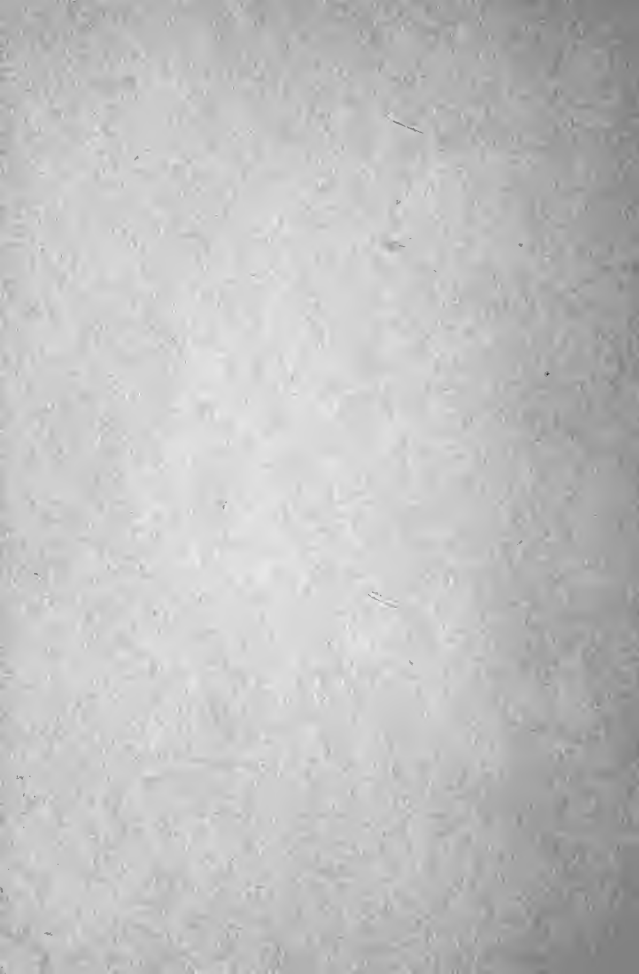
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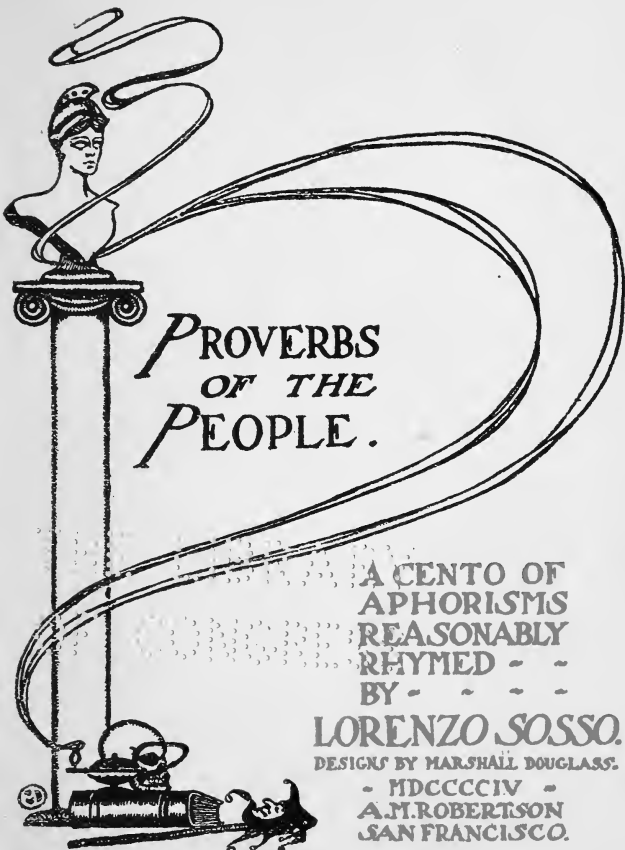
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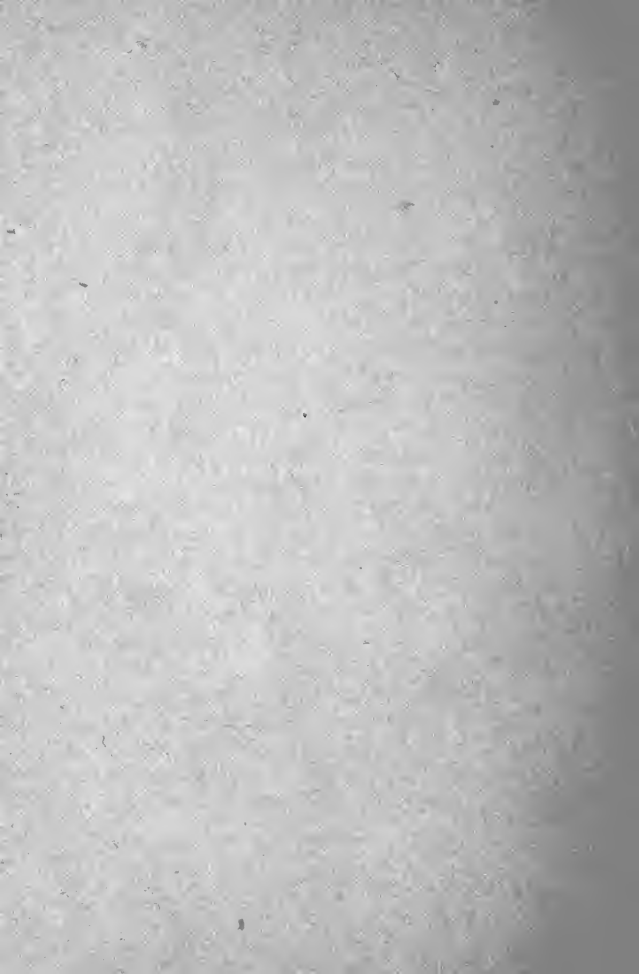
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TO MY MOTHER

A little offering for a great love



Preface

Alas! for the fate of the social reformer,
Who finding things warm only makes things
warmer.

IT was from the mouth of the garrulous Polonius that Shakespeare let fall one of those inestimable pearls of wisdom wherewith his genius was so lavishly endowed: "Brevity is the soul of wit." O, brilliant truth! And as condensation is the highest attainment in the art of literary expression, whether rhythmical or rhetorical, so over the portal leading to the temple of Fame are carven in letters of gold the words **MULTUM IN PARVO**.

Of late there has been a plethora of Proverbs. Some perverted from their proper use; some cynically (and scenically) presented, to be calendered for all time; some the whimsies of a frivolous mind; some eviscerated of all wit; others the evaporation of wisdom condensed into a drop of fancy.

The author of this little booklet has not attempted to rival these later Solomons in their loquacious utterances for the benefit of both the elect and uninstructed. Emerson has stated that "Proverbs, like the sacred books of each

nation are the sanctuary of the intuitions." They are also an epigrammatic epitome of the common sense of the people, which neither the wit nor the jester, the satirist nor the sage, can entirely invalidate.

And there are no wiser commentaries to the prosaic tomes of Time than those proverbs which the peoples of all nations have originated. Indeed, many a proverb would serve as a fitting epitaph for mighty empires passed away.

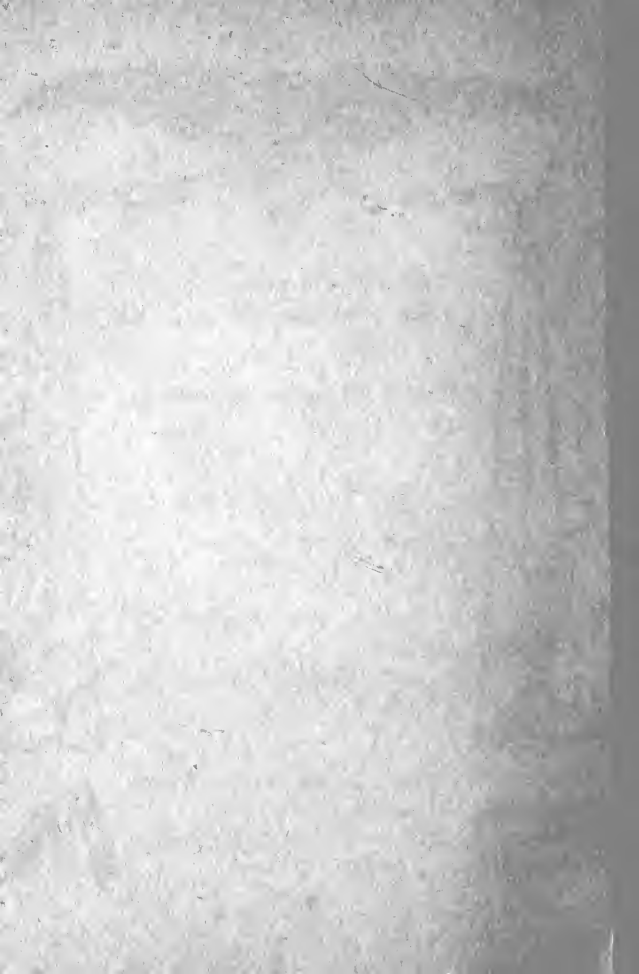
It would be futile therefore for the writer of these pages to claim absolute originality for his production. But by casting them into a rhythmical form, after usages of eastern nations, it is hoped they may be easily memorized, and serve the apter purpose of quotation for the minister, the lecturer, the author, the orator, the lawyer, the publican, and all those wiser Philistines of our day whose modicum of morality is dispensed from their philters of wit one drop at a time.

No other merit is claimed,

And where no reward is expected, no rebuke
should attend,

"With which moral I drop my theorbo," and
come to an end.







Whenever you would give advice
Be not too liberal; keep a slice.

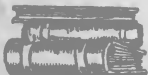
This is the law by which to live:
To give to get, to get to give.

No want of will will always be
No want of opportunity.

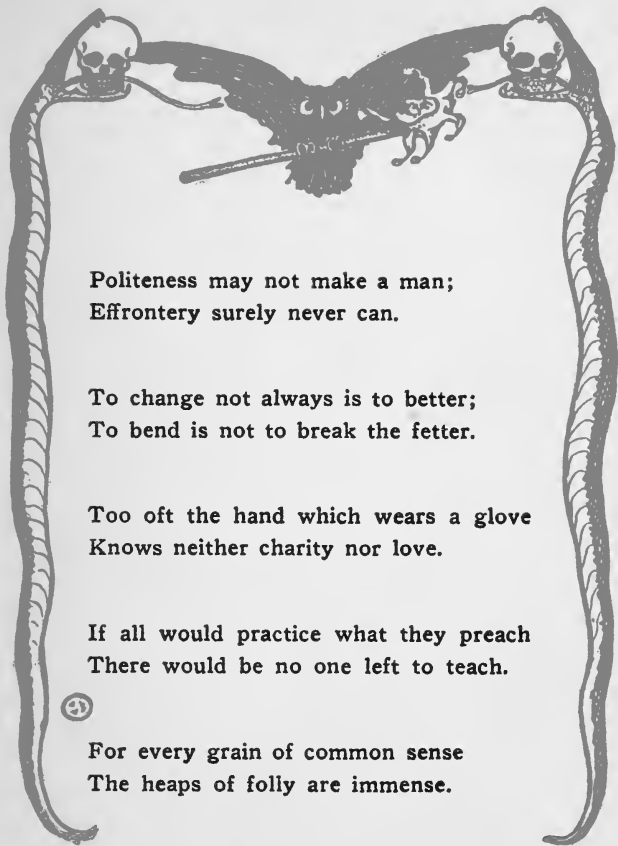
It will not help your feet to
mount
To look upon the steps and
count.

'Tis not the luster of the
blade

Which makes the enemy
afraid.







Politeness may not make a man;
Effrontery surely never can.

To change not always is to better;
To bend is not to break the fetter.

Too oft the hand which wears a glove
Knows neither charity nor love.

If all would practice what they preach
There would be no one left to teach.



For every grain of common sense
The heaps of folly are immense.





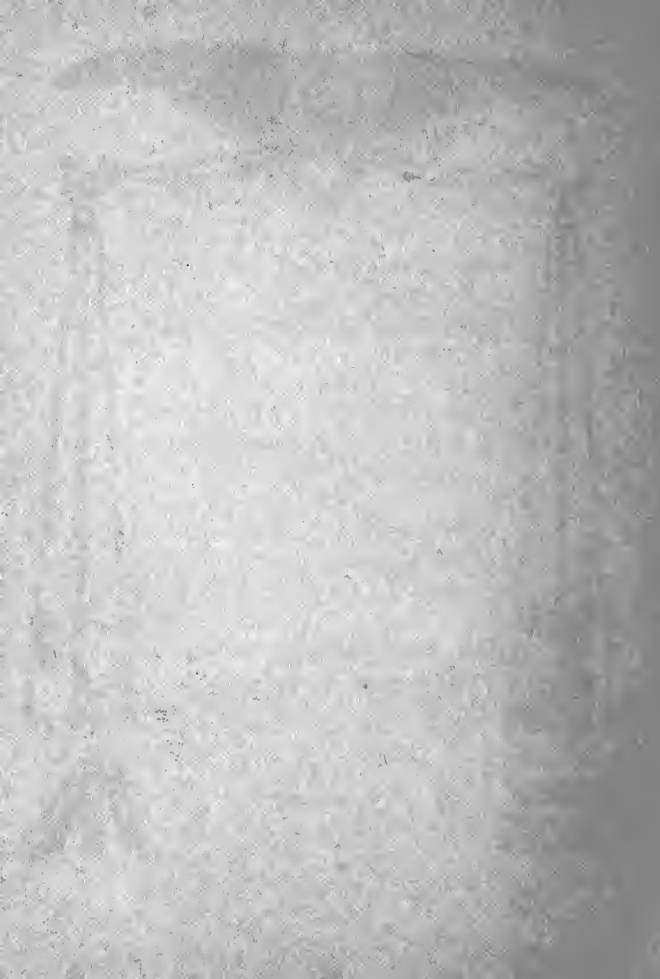
Silence hath many ways
For winning Wisdom's praise.

Quickly is love's duration reck-
oned,
With woman a minute, with man
a second.

How great their folly who suppose
The thorn adds richness to the
rose.

It is through what they instigate
Some men succeed in being great.

If quality be nature's law
Then Jacob still should rule
Esau.





'Tis those who trust their all to
Chance
Who think fate rules each cir-
cumstance.

Lament the present not the past
If few of Fortune's gifts thou
hast.

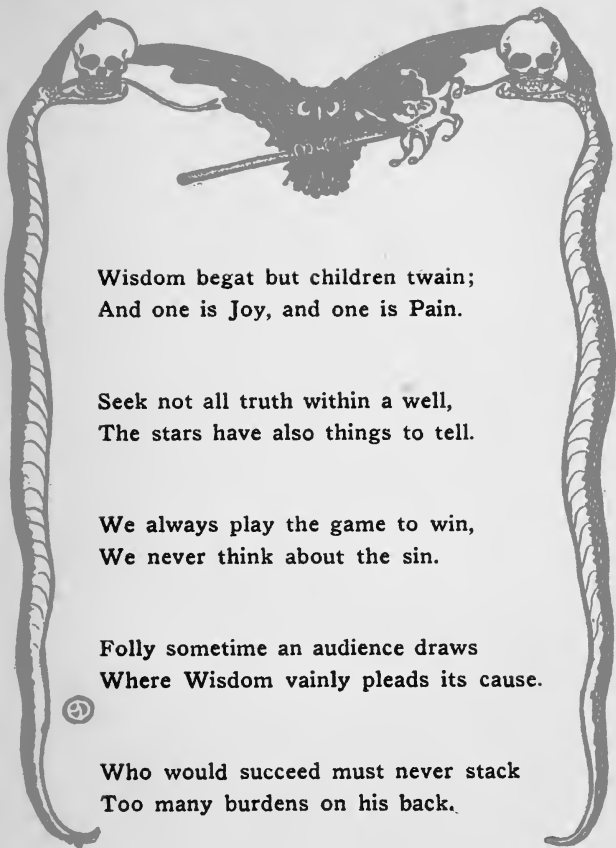
Even the greatest wisdom fails
When weighing love in even
scales.

'Tis deeper wisdom to refrain
Than to presume to speak in
vain.

Make of Adversity a friend;
Much precious lore hath she
to lend.







Wisdom begat but children twain;
And one is Joy, and one is Pain.

Seek not all truth within a well,
The stars have also things to tell.

We always play the game to win,
We never think about the sin.

Folly sometime an audience draws
Where Wisdom vainly pleads its cause.



Who would succeed must never stack
Too many burdens on his back.



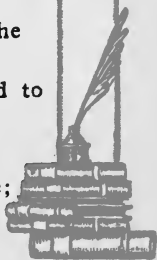
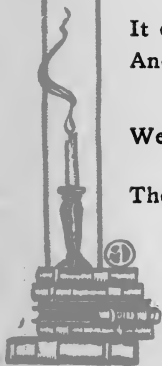
Better the envy of the witty
Than to be looked upon with pity.

A compromise however bad
Is better than a lawsuit had.

It often needs two swords to keep
Another in its sheath asleep.

We may die with thirst at the
brink of
The fountain we once scorned to
drink of.

Millions are spent for pride;
a pence
Suffices for benevolence.







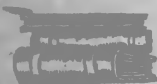
O vain pursuit! to angle for a
fish
Which would not fill the poor-
est beggar's dish.

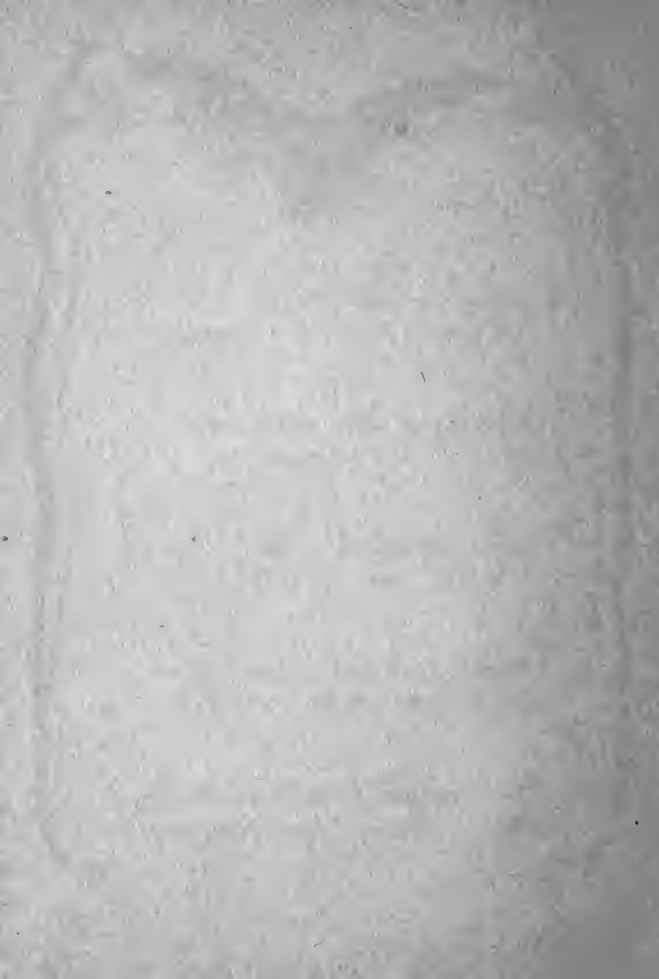
The more 't is rainbows that we
chase
The more we madden in the
race.

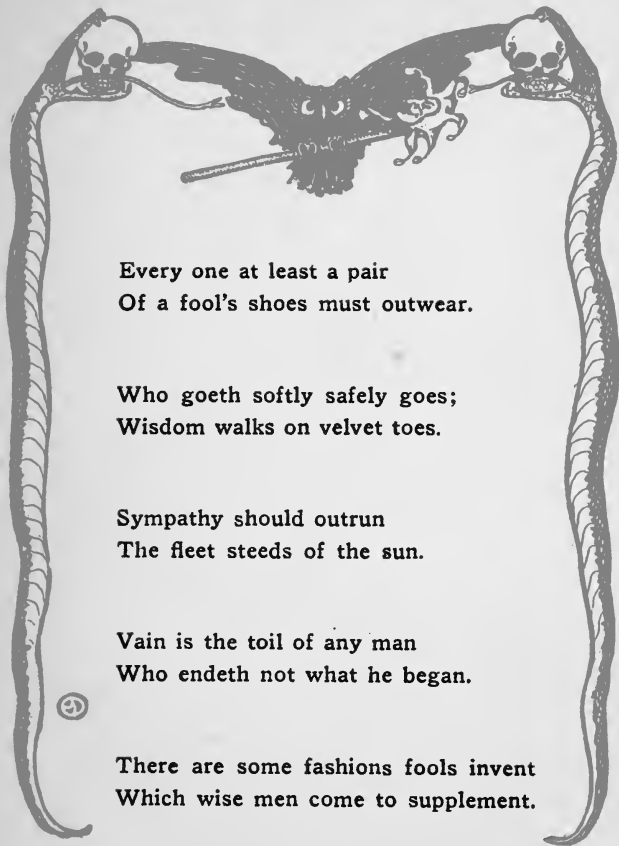
Think not all playthings are for
boys,
The oldest dotard hath his toys.

Who buys nor pays for what he
got
May sell what he would rather
not.

The youth is apt to scorn at
age,
While folly envieth the sage.







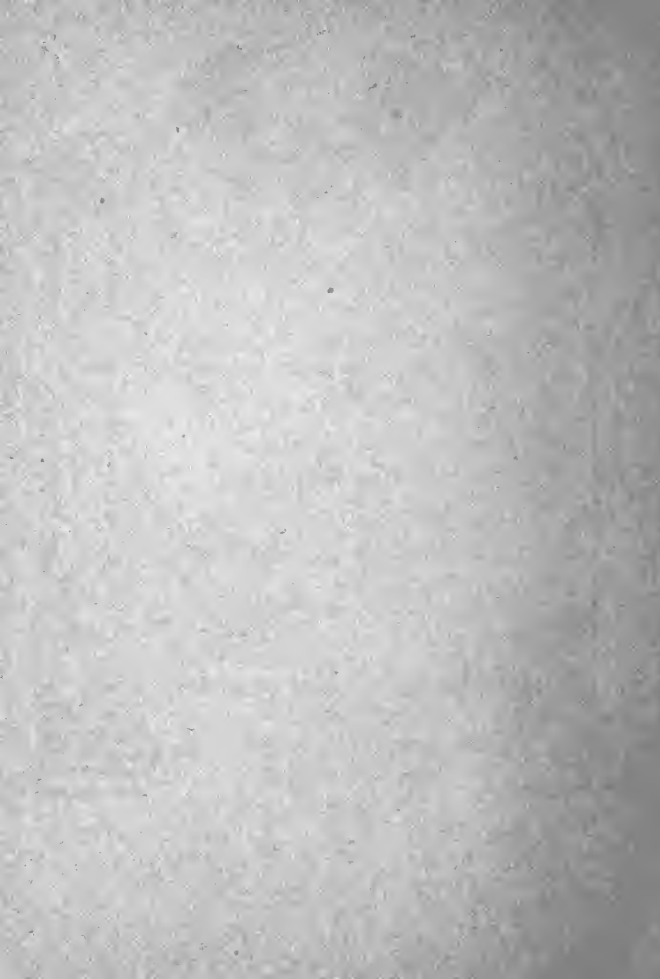
Every one at least a pair
Of a fool's shoes must outwear.

Who goeth softly safely goes;
Wisdom walks on velvet toes.

Sympathy should outrun
The fleet steeds of the sun.

Vain is the toil of any man
Who endeth not what he began.

There are some fashions fools invent
Which wise men come to supplement.





Sessions presided o'er by hate
Never see cause to arbitrate.

A most precarious life he leads
Who judges others their misdeeds.

More covetous the wish
More grievous is the dish.

Strong are the legs which can support
Prosperity of every sort.

Let not the wise spurn fools
in speech;

Whom better could their
wisdom teach?







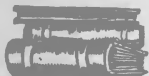
A single penny fairly got
Is worth a thousand that are
not.

If greatness were enough for
one
The cow would soon the hare
outrun.

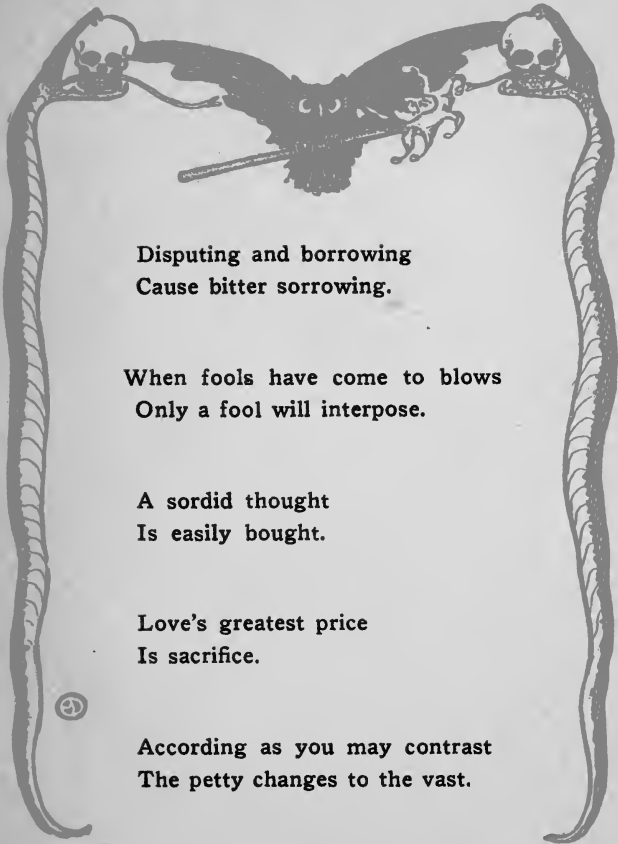
O strange that this should ever
be,
The bowl drowns more than
doth the sea!

In Life's great volume every
leaf
Reveals the water-mark of
Grief.

Not even fate can claim control
Over man's fortitude of soul.







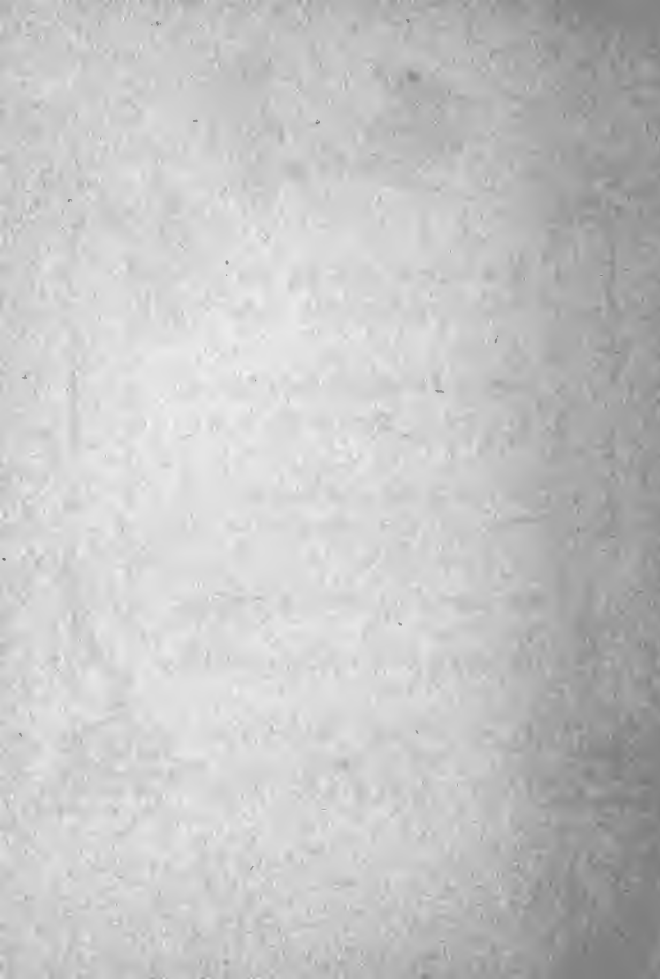
Disputing and borrowing
Cause bitter sorrowing.

When fools have come to blows
Only a fool will interpose.

A sordid thought
Is easily bought.

Love's greatest price
Is sacrifice.

According as you may contrast
The petty changes to the vast.





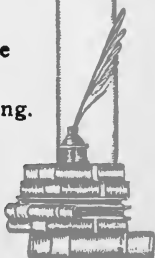
'T is wise to drop the jest
Then when it pleases best.

Second by second Time proceeds,
And yet he sows eternal deeds.

As it is meted thee so meter;
This were a law for Paul or Peter.

Do thou good deeds and in the
doing
Remember they will bear renewing.

To-morrow's wealth can-
not outweigh
The priceless value of To-
day.





The opulence of a spendthrift
son
Is but the miser's greed out-
done.

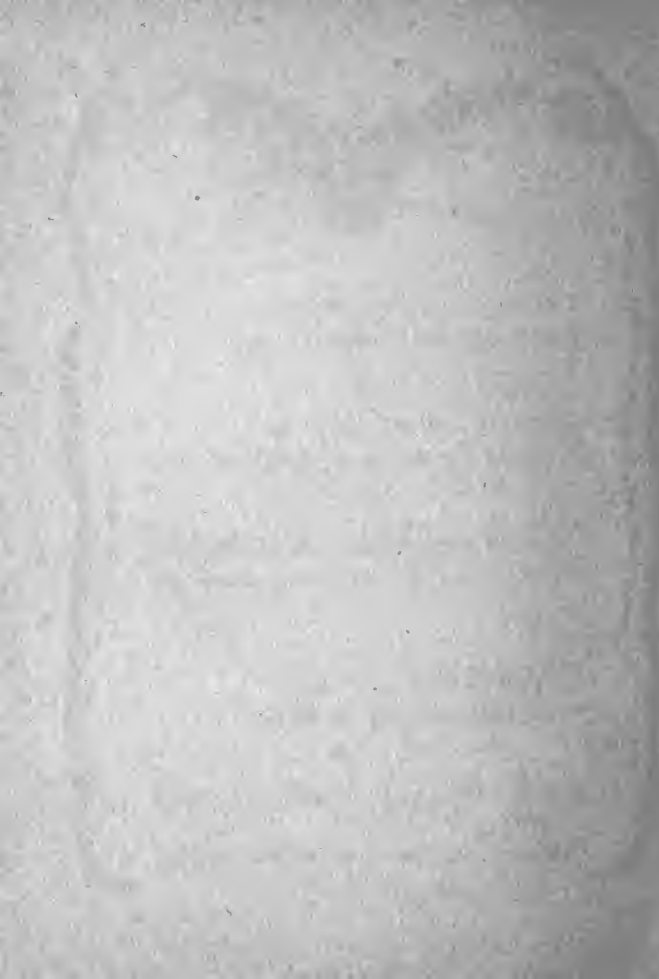
Folly still attends the birth
Of every mortal on the earth.

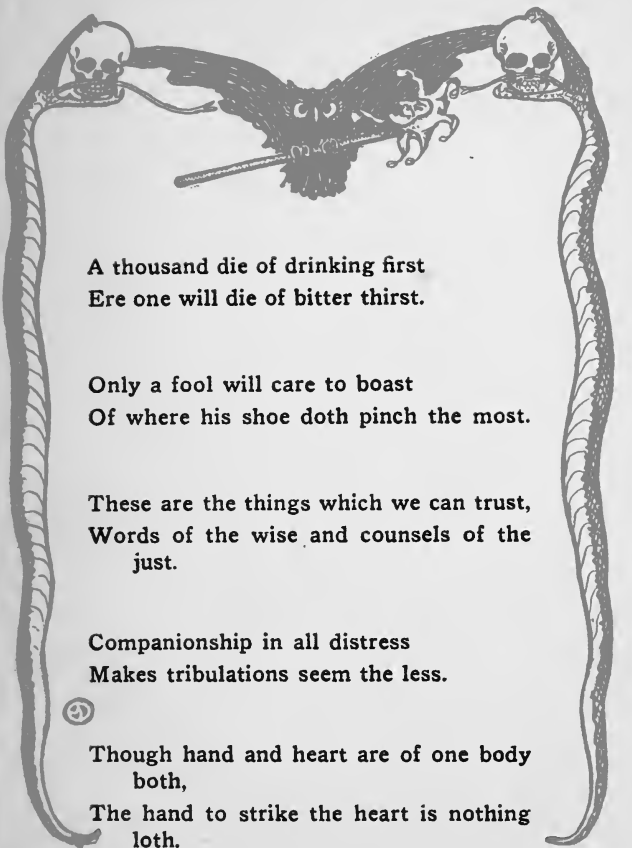
That wheel the fastest in its
spoke
Is very oft the soonest broke.

Who would lick honey from a
thorn
Will soon have cause enough to
mourn.

The singing birds among
the trees
Sing not the public ear to
please.







A thousand die of drinking first
Ere one will die of bitter thirst.

Only a fool will care to boast
Of where his shoe doth pinch the most.

These are the things which we can trust,
Words of the wise and counsels of the
just.

Companionship in all distress
Makes tribulations seem the less.



Though hand and heart are of one body
both,
The hand to strike the heart is nothing
loth.





A fool however young in years
Knows some things better than the
seers.

There is a law for each occasion;
Another law for its evasion.

Much must he deal in courtesies
Who every one alike would please.

A hundred years of slight
Make not one hour of Right.

In every joyful meeting
Some heart may be with
sorrow beating.



However much a beggar choose
A fortune is not his to lose.

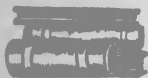
Two things that harmonize and
blend,
A sundial's shadow, a fickle
friend.

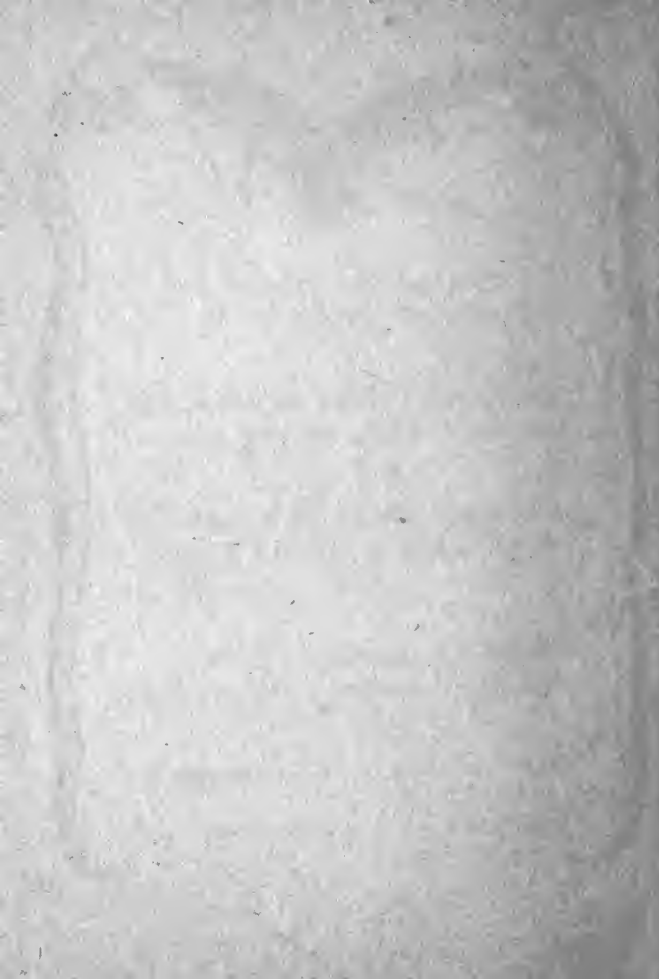
How foolish for the sheep to
bleat
When they the butcher go to
meet.

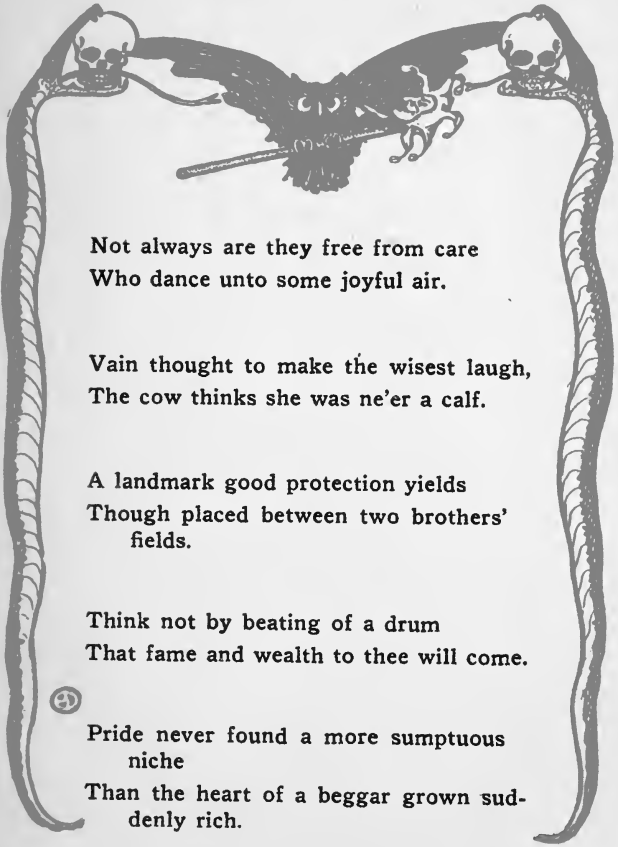
The earth no worse a water
keeps
Than that which in the shadow
sleeps.

Courageous hearts far less
will boast

Than those in want of cour-
age most.







Not always are they free from care
Who dance unto some joyful air.

Vain thought to make the wisest laugh,
The cow thinks she was ne'er a calf.

A landmark good protection yields
Though placed between two brothers'
fields.

Think not by beating of a drum
That fame and wealth to thee will come.



Pride never found a more sumptuous
niche
Than the heart of a beggar grown sud-
denly rich.





**What cause have wealthy men for
pride?**

**No shrouds bear wallets on the
side.**

**The coward still finds cause to fear
Though peril may be never near.**

**No wind is good of any sort
To him who steereth for no port.**

**The lightest burden on the back
Will seem in time a heavy sack.**

**Birds sometimes their
griefs assuage**

**By bruising wings against
their cage.**





Who buys hath always eyes too
few;
Who sells, one eye for him will
do.

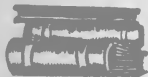
Who always speak do only sow;
Who listen reap what others
know.

This adage learn and treasure
long,
Challenge no fool to do thee
wrong.

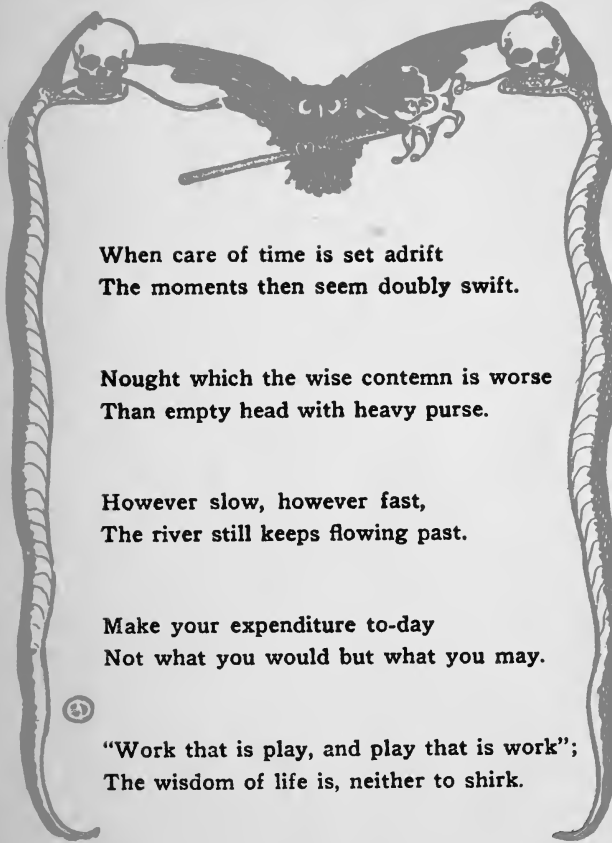
Deeper the cut that's made by
pride
Than if a sword should pierce
the side.

Like glow-worms sparkling in
a pit

Our spirits gleam awhile then
flit.







**When care of time is set adrift
The moments then seem doubly swift.**

**Nought which the wise contemn is worse
Than empty head with heavy purse.**

**However slow, however fast,
The river still keeps flowing past.**

**Make your expenditure to-day
Not what you would but what you may.**



**"Work that is play, and play that is work";
The wisdom of life is, neither to shirk.**



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